

## OUR BOYS and GIRLS

### THE RUNAWAY PENNY

Jack had earned them, every one. Yes, sir! That is why he was so proud of them; five new, shiny Lincoln pennies.

He stood for a long minute, turning them over thoughtfully in the palm of his hand. He had weeded the pansy bed, that was one; then he had run to the store and earned two more; two willing little hands had dusted the parlor for mother, that made four, and yes, the fifth was for minding baby sister on the grass while mother sewed.

He felt quite like a business man, indeed, and began to hop gayly along, swinging his arms and thinking to himself just how delicious and cool that ice cream cone was going to taste on the warm afternoon.

Now you know, when you have five, slippery pennies in one warm little hand, and you run along swinging your arms, just what may happen. Well, that very thing happened to Jack! All of a sudden—he hadn't gone very far from home, either—but there, he opened his hand and found only four pennies. One little penny had slipped out.

Of course, four pennies would never buy an ice cream cone, not at all; that is, not the big, fat kind that Jack wanted.

He tried to be real brave and began to hunt for that little runaway penny. But his face dropped as he thought how hard he had worked for it.

He retraced his steps, slowly, looking in the high grass on one side of the cement walk and in the soft velvety lawn on the other side of the walk, among the dandelion blossoms and, in fact, everywhere but the right place, for then he would surely have found it, you know.

He went round and round, down the walk, thru the grass and back again, but no penny could be found.

Then all of a sudden—what was that? Jack looked up into the apple tree. Why! He hadn't noticed before that it was an apple tree. What a lot of fairly blossoms there were; big, pink, smelly blossoms all nodding and smiling at him in such a friendly manner. And right there, near a queer little hanging nest, sat the brightest, prettiest oriole Jack had ever seen.

As Jack looked up the bird cocked his head sanely to one side and repeated the very words that had startled him a moment ago—"Rest-a-while, Jackie boy! Rest-a-while!"

Now, little Jack was very, very tired, so he just sat right down there on the cool, soft grass and rested his back against the tree, as the oriole had told him to do.

He watched the leaves as they flickered about in the light breeze, sending funny little shadows dancing over the lawn. He listened to the birds chattering—singing and singing by turns.

Then there was the oriole again saying, just as sure as you live: "Come up, Jackie boy! Come up!"

Jack wiped his sleeve across his wondering eyes and looked up thru to the bough where the oriole sat swaying back and forth. And as he looked the bird waved a wing and motioned to him.

"Come up!" he repeated. "Come up!"

"How can I?" asked the little fellow, quite crossly.

"Why, just climb," replied the oriole. "Can't do anything if you don't try."

And the first thing Jack knew he was climbing up the apple tree, hand over hand and leg over leg, just like the other Jack climbed up the beanstalk.

When Jack had climbed quite up to the oriole he threw one leg over a thick branch and sat down.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the bird. "Your face looks as long as the Mississippi River."

Now, Jack had learned just a little about the Mississippi River at school, and he didn't like to think his face looked as long as that. Two big tears rolled down his cheeks. He looked out thru the branches and began to tell the oriole all about the runaway penny and how badly he wanted that ice cream cone.

The bird was quite still while he was talking; but when he stopped with a little sob the oriole began to laugh. And what was worse than all, the other birds began to laugh, too.

Jack hadn't seen the other birds, so he looked around to see where they could be. Why, the branches were full of them—all laughing and talking about him.

Of course this made Jack feel very badly indeed. He opened his lips to tell the oriole that he didn't think it was nice at all for them to laugh so, but just then something cool brushed against his cheek. He looked around, and oh! what do you think! The tree wasn't full of apple blossoms at all, but ice cream cones, full of the most delicious pink ice cream.

"Why don't you eat one?" asked the oriole, and laughed again.

Jack didn't need a second invitation, you may be sure, but felt to with a vim. He ate and ate and the more he ate the more there was to eat.

Then to Jack's further surprise, he noticed that all around him were little men in pink caps and aprons hurrying hither and thither with big trays just heaped with more ice cream cones, which they kept handing on the

Old Soldier Gives Recommendation  
Gustav Wangelin, Commander of G. A. R. Post, Pickneyville, Ill., writes: "I highly recommend Foley Kidney Pills which I prefer to all others I have used. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from backache, rheumatic pains, stiff, swollen joints, languidness, kidney trouble and sleep disturbing bladder ailments. F. A. Morris, Canfield, adv."

Our idea of a cheap skate is to step on a banana peel.  
Read the Classified Columns.

branches as fast as Jack picked them off.

Sometimes the wind took them off the "rays" and fluttered them to the ground, but the little men went on hanging on more, with never a word of complaint.

When Jack had eaten until he could eat no more the oriole called "Halt!" and there all the ice cream cones had turned back to apple blossoms again. Even the last one Jack had just set his teeth into was a pink petal between his lips. Jack spit it out and bored his fist into his eyes to take away that funny, misty feeling and looked again.

He didn't remember climbing down the tree at all, but there he was, safe and sound on the cool grass, with his back resting against the apple tree and still clinging to his chin was that last ice cream cone that had turned into an apple blossom.

And over his head sat the bright oriole, swaying back and forth on the bough. As Jack looked up he cocked his head to one side again, but this time he said, "Look again—for your penny—for your penny. Look again."

And there, staring up at him from the soft velvety lawn, just a short step away, shone the runaway penny. Jack sprang to pick it up, and I am afraid he didn't stop to thank the oriole, as he sped away toward the nearest drug store.

For, strange to say, altho he had eaten all those ice cream cones up in the apple tree, he was still longing for another.

### The Animals' Meeting.

"Are you going to the meeting, mother?" asked the child antelope. "Of course, I am," replied Mother Antelope. "I am very much interested, since I hear Mr. Ostrich is to be there, tho I really don't know why he should want to be present."

The animals were going to hold a meeting to decide, if they could, who was the superior among them all, for as winter approached they had gathered from far and near, and very good-looking some of them were, as well as wise-looking.

When they had gathered for the meeting, the horse and Master Tiger took up important positions and the proceedings began. First of all, here was the camel; he was the largest of the animals present, for the elephant had not then arrived. He rose as soon as there was a chance and said that before they began to consider the question at hand, he would like to know why the ostrich was present.

He was not an animal and as the meeting was confined to animals the camel felt that he ought to retire. Of course, the ostrich was quite hurt; he had misunderstood the call for the meeting, but, as it was, he didn't wish to have anything to do with such persons and so he would be glad to retire, which he did.

Everybody seemed relieved when he was gone and then they all began to talk at once, so that it was some time before the camel could restore order so that he could be heard. When all was quiet he explained that they had gathered to decide who was the best of them all—a very important question. He thought each one might make a speech and afterward cast his vote. "But, after all," he said, "I don't know why any speeches should be necessary. It is quite clear that I am the biggest and therefore the best. Why spend time on a discussion?"

Then there was a big uproar. The monkey jumped up and said he couldn't agree with the camel. It made no difference how big a person was; the smartest one was the best. Then the goat put in; he thought the best one was he who had good horns and who could run the fastest. In short, he had no doubt that he himself was the best. After this there was another uproar with all the animals talking at once till the camel quieted them again and said: "We have had enough speeches. Let us proceed to a vote. Each animal will go into a corner and find a flat, smooth place in the sand, and there he will write with his foot the name of the animal he thinks is best."

Things were quiet for a time while this was being done, and then the camel went around to count the votes. This took a long time, for there were many animals. As the camel went on he grew more and more amused, and by the time he finished he was laughing so hard that the tears rolled down his cheeks. As soon as he could speak, he said: "I am sorry to say that the question is still unsettled. Each one has voted for himself, and as nobody has more than one vote it must be, ladies and gentlemen, that each one of you is the best animal."

### The Boy Knew.

"If I cut a beefsteak in two," asked the teacher, "and then cut the halves in two, what do I get?"

"Quarters," returned the boy.

"Good. And then again?"

"Eighths."

"Correct. Again?"

"Sixteenths."

"Exactly. And what then?"

"Thirtyseconds."

"And once more?"

"Hamburgs," cried the boy, impatiently.

### Musical.

Robbie, walking across the fields with father, saw a cow for the first time.

"What is that, father?" he asked.

"That's a cow," was the response.

"And what are those things on her head?"

"Horns," replied the father.

The two walked on. Presently the cow moored. Robbie was surprised.

"Which horn did she blow, father?" he asked.

How to Check Croup Quickly  
There is one reliable remedy for croup that every mother should know. Mrs. Sweet Clary, Ante, Va., writes: "I think Foley's Honey and Tar is the best medicine I ever tried. My little son nearly had croup. I gave him one dose and it stopped him coughing in about five minutes." Relieves coughs, colds, lagrippe. F. A. Morris, Canfield, adv.

The reason some people find fault with life is not because life treats them badly, but because they expect to be treated so much better.

## U. S. DESTROYER SUNK BY U-BOAT

Two Men Are Dead, One Is Captured and Sixty-five Are Missing.

Forty-four Are Rescued When Jacob Jones Is Destroyed by Foo's Submarine.

Washington.—Two known dead, one a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and sixty-five missing was the toll of American seamen at latest reports, in the destruction by a German submarine of the destroyer Jacob Jones.

News that one of the Jones crew had been picked up and taken prisoner aboard the U-boat was cabled to the navy department by Vice Admiral Sims. It is the first occurrence of the kind since war was declared.

The complement of the Jacob Jones at the time of the torpedoing was 111 instead of 107 as the navy department first announced, it was stated. Names of four men, one an officer and three enlisted men, were cabled by Admiral Sims. Of the four one died of exposure and three were rescued.

In his report the American naval commander in European waters sent the names of 27 survivors.

The known saved now stands at 43 with the prisoner included the figure was 44.

Admiral Sims reported the following dead: Ensign S. F. Kalk, died of exposure. (Ensign Kalk's name was not on the list published previously.) His next of kin is his mother, Mrs. Flora S. Kalk, 127 N. 42d street, Omaha, Neb.

Gunner Harry Hood, killed by explosion of the torpedo. Next of kin, mother, Belle Hood, 57 Pennsylvania avenue, Atlanta.

## NOTED COMEDIAN DIES

Nat Wills Is Killed by Gasoline Fumes in Garage.

Union Hill, N. J.—Nat Wills, who bore a nationwide reputation as a comedian, was killed by gasoline fumes in the garage on his estate here. He died while preparing to go on a mission of human kindness, for he was to have taken part in performances at the Hippodrome, New York city, for the benefit of the soldiers at Camp Union.

Mr. Wills' automobile was not working as smoothly as usual when he was ready to start. He started the engine and crawled beneath the car to find the trouble. He had neglected to open the doors of the garage and the fumes from the engine's exhaust killed him.

Some time later Mrs. Wills, wondering at the delay in his starting, took her little daughter, Natalie, three, and entered the garage. They discovered the comedian's body beneath the car.

Mr. Wills was born in Washington 44 years ago. His talents had won for him a position as one of the foremost fun-makers of the country. His wife was Miss May Day.

## NEW REVOLT IN RUSSIA

Korniloff and Kaledines Start Move Against Reds.

London.—A new revolution has broken out in civil war-torn Russia—a revolution against the attempts of the Bolsheviks to frame a disgraceful separate peace with the German kaiser.

The movement is headed by Gen. Korniloff, former commander-in-chief of the Russian armies and leader of the unsuccessful Cossack revolt against Premier Kerensky last summer, and Gen. Kaledines, kettman of the Don Cossacks.

These two able military men are being backed by the Imperialists and Constitutional Democrats, and possibly by the adherents of M. Kerensky.

Formal recognition of the outbreak against Lenin-Trotsky misrule was taken by the Bolshevik regime in a proclamation to the Russian nation, issued in the usual flamboyant style.

It is declared that the Korniloff-Kaledines forces have raised the standard of revolt in the Don region against the people and the revolution, and that the Constitutional Democrats and bourgeois are supplying the revolting generals "with scores of millions," presumably rubles.

Tugs Sink, Twelve Perish.  
Atlantic City.—Twelve lives was the toll of the sinking of the tugboat Eugene F. Moran of New York, which foundered three miles off Atlantic City during the worst storm this section of the coast has witnessed in 30 years.

Griefs for Husband, Ends Life.  
Chicago.—Mrs. Edith McRoy, widow of Robert B. McRoy, former vice president of the Cleveland American league baseball team, killed herself at the home of her brother-in-law, George McRoy. Grief for the death of her husband, who died in a Milwaukee sanitarium one week ago, prompted her act. She had mourned for him ever since she received word of his death.

She went to a room in her brother-in-law's home and shortly afterward was found unconscious on a bed.

How to Prevent Croup.  
In a child that is subject to attacks of croup, the first indication of the disease is hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be warded off and all danger and anxiety avoided.—adv.

The small home can frequently be heated by one stove. Get Cole's High Range and, both cook and heat.

Some fellows seem to think that it doesn't matter what they do so long as they ask people to excuse them for it afterward.

It is easier to preach than to practice, as any young doctor will tell any young minister.

Even the crook may be reformed when he finds himself in straitened circumstances.

The reason many a man has so much confidence in others is because he has so little in himself.

About the only man who can dictate to his wife is the fellow who marries his stenographer.

# A THOUGHT OF XMAS NOW--- WILL MAKE SOMEONE EXTRA HAPPY

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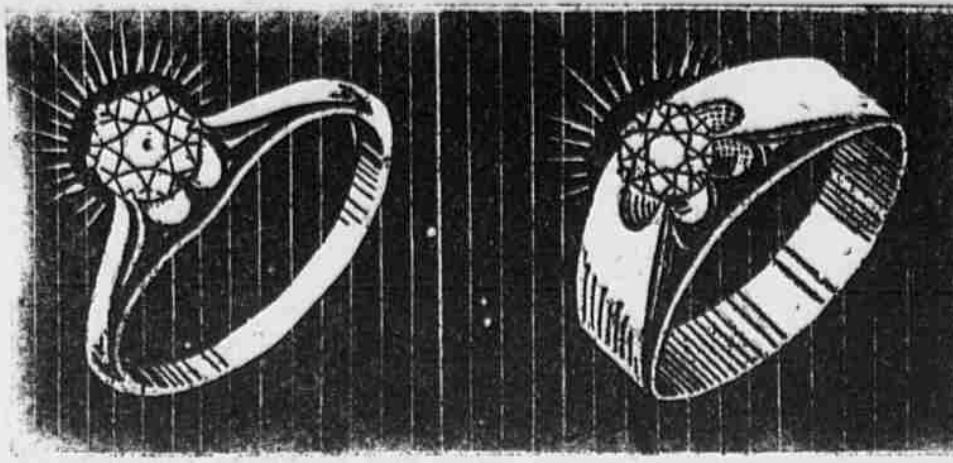
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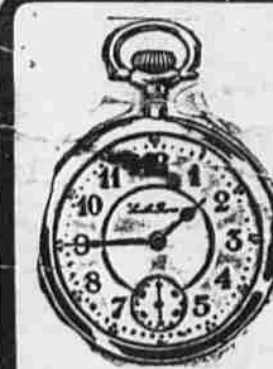
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